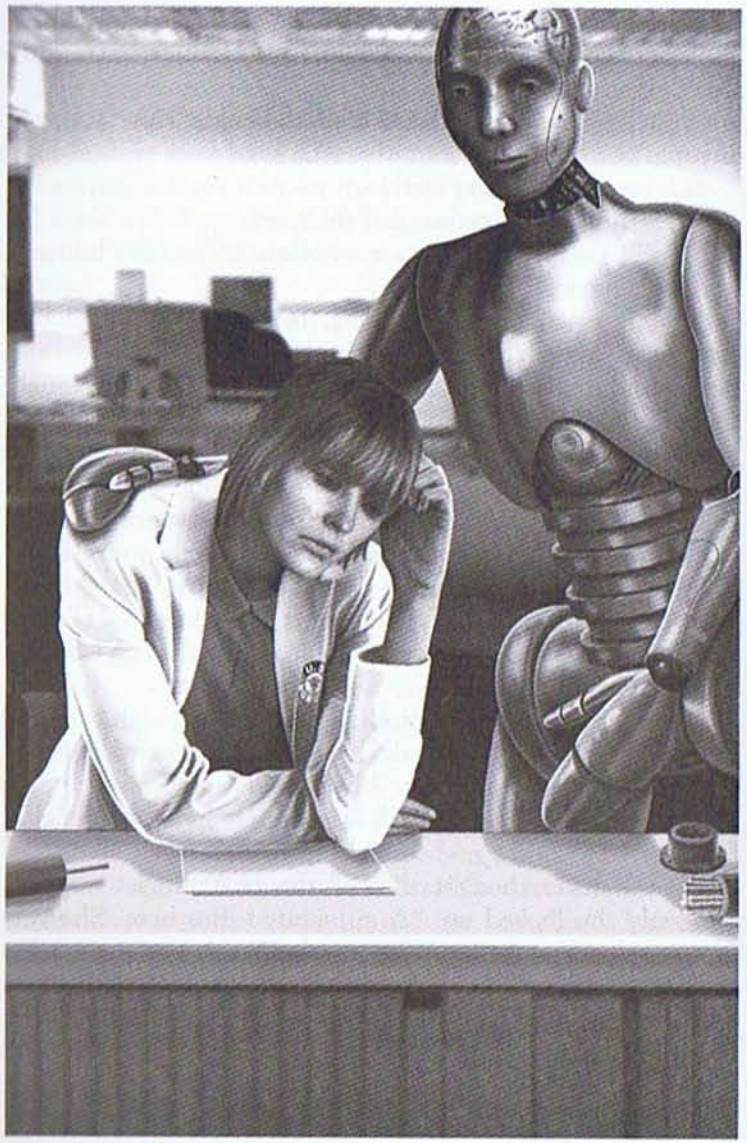

"You know nothing about human emotions! You—you are a machine!"

hand in her own hand. "Thank you, Herbie," she whispered. "Don't tell anyone about this. It's our secret. Thank you." And she left the testing room quickly.

Milton Ashe slowly stretched his arms and legs. He looked angrily at Peter Bogert.

"I've tested every part of Robot RB-34," he said. "I've worked for a week, and I've had little sleep. You knew what was wrong. That's what you told me. But I haven't found any problems."

"I *do* know what the problem is," said Bogert. "I'm working on it."

"Are you almost finished?" Ashe asked, unpleasantly.

"Unfortunately, Lanning doesn't agree with the theory that I'm using," Bogert replied. "His ideas are out-of-date. He still believes in matrix mechanics. We should use a modern theory to solve this problem."

"Why don't you ask Herbie to help you?" Ashe asked.

"Herbie?" Bogert said, surprised.

"Yes," replied Ashe. "Didn't Calvin tell you? The robot is a mathematical genius[70]."

Bogert looked at Ashe quickly. "Dr Calvin hasn't said this to anyone in *my* department."

"Well, we've talked together about Herbie many times," said Ashe. "I've spent a lot of time with Calvin this week." Ashe frowned. "Bogert...do you think that she's been behaving strangely?"

Bogert smiled. "She's started to wear make-up. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes," Ashe said. "And she looks terrible with that paint on her face. But it's not only her make-up that is strange. Calvin's also talking differently. She talks as if she were happy about something."

"Maybe she's in love," said Bogert, laughing.